The Frontiſpice.

Here wounded by her owne hand *Dido* lyes.
There with conſpiring Winds *Æneas* flies.
Is *faith* ſo fraile? or can no *private* care
On friendſhip ſtand with *Empire*? This great paire,
Two bodies that one ſoule did lately guide,
Now th' *Earth* and *Seas*, ev'n life and death divide.
So the high *Pines* that equally did crowne
The *Carthaginian* mountaine, now cut downe
And by *new motion* carry'd ſev'rall wayes:
Part rigges his ſhip, and part her *Pile* doth raiſe.
What mov'd theſe *Princes* to their *fates*? behold!
A Cypreſſe-garland and a Crowne of gold.

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Dido and Aeneas
The Fourth Booke of Virgils
Aneis
Now Englished
By Robert Stapilton Esqr
John Droeshout sculp

Printed for William Cooke at ffurnivalls Inn gate in Holborne

TO MY MOST HONOVRED Lady, my Lady TVVISLETON, Daughter of *Henry Stapylton* Eſquire, and Wife to Sir GEORGE TVVISLETON, *Baronet*.

MADAM,

I Have obeyed your commands, and (as farre as my power extends) perfected them. The Queene of CARTHAGE hath learned Engliſh to converſe with you: be pleaſed now to eſteeme her as a Native, but in the errours of her language, ſtill remember ſhe was borne a Forraigner. I doubt not but the correſpondence your knowledge holds with Time-paſt, hath truely informed your Ladiſhip, that DIDO fell by her owne hand a Martyr of CHA-

STITY, not a SACRIFICE to PASSION: but let not this move you to ſuſpect my Authour, as envious to your Noble Sexe, or ambitious to enlarge the ROMAN Conqueſt in a Ladies fame, farre be it from your apprehenſion, as from his: he writes a POEM, not a HISTORY, and draweth not the Picture of DIDO, but of ART to life: I tooke this Copy for your Ladiſhip, pardon me that I publiſh it, my chiefe deſigne being to doe honour to ſo excellent a Kinſwoman: in whoſe naturall perfections our Family, in whoſe vertues our Time glories. Be conſtant to your goodneſſe, and the world ſhall ſubſcribe, as I,

Your Ladiſhips
True Honorer,
Robert Stapylton.

The TRANSLATOR

WIllingly I would omit this entertainement to my Reader; for if he be onely a pretender to conception, hee will pretend to conceive me howsoever: If really ingenious he needes no preparative, unlesse he be a Crittique, and then he deserves not any thing, because hee will bee satisfied with nothing. But Custome exacts Ceremony, and I pay my tribute, lest I should be thought proud or fooliſh, that I either would not, or could not give an account of my elections.

That I pitched upon the Fourth Booke of the Æneis, and singled it from the rest, was by sueh a Cōmands as (like cœlestiall influences) did not violently inforce, but strongly incline my will:

Reason assuring me, I might justifie my obedience, *and quote* Virgil *for it; himselfe having first read to* Augustus Cæsar, *the* Second, This, *and the* Sixt Booke; *And so intire a worke I doe esteeme this Booke, as while it remaines solitary, I presume to: give it the Title of* DIDO and AENEAS: *wherein I prefixe her name, and would adde my reasons; but I imagine no man will quarrell with a Lady for place: much lesse with a* Queene *in her owne Kingdome.*

Opinion the common game *that Muses fly at, hath not raised mine upon the wing. Of a noble* Fame *who covets not the purchase? it is a wholesome* ayre, *and breathes* new spirits *into a man; but mutable* Opinion *is* winde, *and I would not rashly carve Letters on a* Wether-cocke: *I write lower, therefore*

therefore safer, couching my Name *under the learned* Maro.

I will not offer to defend my Authour, *that were to present* succours *to a* Prince *reigning in full* peace, *the Prince of the Latin Poets. If any should question him for the* truth *of* History, *the verse is transparent, they may onely intend their sight, and looke quite through the* Fained worke: *and in the Founders of the* Carthaginian *and* Roman *Empires* Dido *and* Aeneas, *they shall read the mysteries of their* Foundations, *the* Fœminine *and* Masculine *governements of those two great Citties, by* Merchandise, *and* Armes; *And if it be a fiction that* Aeneas *ever saw* Dido, *it is true that* Rome *fell into the power of* Carthage, *till by a Faction growing in the bosome of this State, it was perswaded,*

swaded, like a love-sicke Lady, to trust it selfe in the armes and imbrace of Rome, *that would seeme commanded by Fate to breake all mutuall tyes; till cursing the* Roman *false-hood, the reputation and spirit of poore* Carthage *glided into winde.*

In Englishing Virgil, *I have given him a Language, not* so low *as to bring downe his* Aeneis *to his* Eclogues, *and levell the expressions of his Princes with his Shepheards: nor* so high, *that he should not be intelligible to the Vnlearned, as if he still spake* Latin. *It is true that wit distilled in one language, cannot be transfused into another without losse of spirits: yet I presume such graces are retained, as those of the Noblest quality will favour this* Translation, *from an* Original, *that was somtimes the unenvied Favorite of the greatest Roman Emperour.*

But

The Translatour.

But I have now detained you so long, we shall not come to Carthage *in time, to the Feast made for* Æneas: *I can onely, for the present, bring you to heare the* Echoes *of his last complement to* Dido, *having commanded him to relate the* Stratagem *of the* Greekes, *and the course of his owne adventures, Thus* Virgil *brings him off;*

Hence to your Court some god my passage steer'd,
Sacred *Æneas*, whom all listning heard,
Troy's fate, and his owne fortunes thus expresst,
At length here ceas'd, tooke leave, and went to *rest*.

AUGUSTUS

AUGUSTUS CEASAR

On the Commaund of VIRGIL by Teſtament, that his Workes ſhould be *burned.*

COuld his *laſt breath* command ſo blacke a ſin?
Shall learned *Virgil's* great *Muſe* periſh in
The greedy fire? ſhall his Art die? oh ſhame!
And can our Eies behold it? nor the flame
His honour ſpare? will he not then permit
The loue we owe his *workes*? Prohibit it
Bright *Phœbus*! *Roman* Muſes ſpeak your charmes.
Bacchus, faire *Ceres* aide, he in your *armes*
Your *ſouldier* was, your *husband-man improu'd.*
For what would by the working *Spring* be mov'd
He taught: what *Summer* forces, *Autumne* yeilds,
Or *Winter's* age affoords. Reform'd the fields.

A match concluded twixt the *Elme* and *Vine*.
Order'd the *Beasts*: did to the *Bees* assigne
Their straw-pavillions. And were all these made
For *ruine*? should the *Parent* this haue sayd?
But *Law* must be observ'd, his *last will* stand:
We must obey the pow'r of his Command.
Be rather broken the Law's Reuerenc'd pow'r,
Then one *day* shall the heap'd-up paines devour
Of *nights* and *daies* so many. Or's last breath
His watchfull studies blast, Perhaps in death
Rage seiz'd him; & his *tong* did somthing vent,
His *spirits* stray'd: not of his *owne intent*,
But conquer'd with the languishing *vile paine*.
If then his Soule were blind, shall *Troy* againe
Her Ruines feele? againe be forc'd to mourne?
After *Lones* wound and *Death's* shall *Dido* burn?

Shall

Shall ſuch a *ſacred worke* ſuch *warrs* ſuch *ſwords*
Turne *duſt*, in one bad hou'r, by erring words?
Come, come, all floods *Pierian* ſiſters give,
And quench theſe flames; Let *Virgil* each where liu
T'himſelfe unkinde, envying the world his wit:
In the *grave* hurtfull. He commanded it
But if my *countermaund* (he dead(ſuffize,
His *whole* Muſe ſounding ſhall immortalize
His name; his verſe is by our pow'r approu'd
Let him be prais'd, live pleaſe, be read, be lou'd.

O

On DIDO and ÆNEAS, Tranſlated by my much honourd, much lou'd friend, *Robert Stapylton* Eſq;.

THy life and Verſe is ſuch, I dare commend
Thee and thy labours, and boaſt thee my friend.
To my advantage: for I good muſt be
And knowing, if I praiſe thy wit and thee.
Nor can praiſe ſwell thee, who nere hop'ſt to ſit
At the loud-talking helme of ſeeming wit,
And ſteere the ſhip of fooles; who tak'ſt no pride
To haue thy name 'mong Ladies glorified,
Or Lords like them iudicious: who haſt wealth
Enough to drinke, not mentioning their health.
Thy ſoule is liberall: not forc'd to write
Like the gay Pandar, or ſmooth Paraſite

To

To win oth' ſenſe of man. Thy fanci's find
A vertuous operation in the mind.
But thoſe hereafter to the World youle ſhow
By this Tranſlation you now Print we know
You Latin vnderſtand, a Science few
Haue reacht oth' magnified Poëticke crew,
Who yet perſwade the Courtier, Maro's *vaine*
Is Pigmey to their owne Gygantick ſtraine.
And they who haue the ancient Latins read,
Or late Italians, *will vncrowne thy head*
Of its due Laurel, and ſharpe Criticks be
Not 'gainſt thy worke, they cannot, but 'gainſt thee
Who wouldſt not their fine cunning imitate,
Intitling that thy owne, thou didſt Tranſlate.
By this they grew proud minions to fond Fame,
Thogh like the Moon they ſhind with borrowd flam
Col

Cold in themſelues: or prodigally ſpent
Like riotous youth, only on monies lent.
While thou, as I, how ere they malice it,
Doſt onely ſpend oth' ſtocke of thy owne wit.
Endeauour nobly ſtill. And ſhould the ſport
Of vs but the gay wonder of the Court,
The perfum'd Sir Whiſper ith' Ladies eare,
That Dido *doth not in thy language beare*
Due ſtate, or copies want th' Originals art,
Bid him, play with her Fan and Act his part.
Court not Opinion, and triumphant bayes
Will follow Vertue. Euen this Peice *will raiſe*
Not ſubiect to times rage, or Enuies ſpoile,
A Pyramid to thee in Dido's *Pile.*

W. HABINGTON.

THE

THE FOURTH BOOKE OF VIRGIL'S *ÆNEIS*.

The Argument.

THe queene enamour'd doth her Siſter move,
And by her councell yeelds her ſelfe to love.
They court the Gods with gifts and Sacrifice:
Shee hunts, and ioynes with him in *Venus* tyes.
The rumour ſpreades: for flight *Aeneas* then
Warn'd by a God prepares his ſhips, and men;
Dido perceives it, and intreates delay:
But *Fate* commaunds, he hath no pow'r to ſtay.
Her Pile ſhe deſp'rate mounted, her laſt breath
His falſehood curs'd, and with his ſword forc'd death.

BVt with ſad care ſtruck-deepe, her wound the (queene
Feedes in her veines, melts in a fire vnſeene.
The man's much vertue wanders in her mind,
His *Troy's* great name: his looks & language find

Root in her bosome. Care her *rest* denies.
Next morning th'earth with Sun-beames purifies,
And from heaven's beauty the moist shadow breaks
When, craz'd, t'her deerest sister thus she speakes.
My sister *Anne*, what dreames my doubts affright
Who's this new Guest that on our coast did light!
Whom speakes his face, strong soule, and force! li
Is I beleiue (nor is Faith vaine) Divine. (lin
Feare low'minds argues; by what fates (aye me)
Hath he bin toss'd! what fought-out wars sung he
Were't not a thing within me fix'd vpon
Immoueably, to match my selfe to none,
Since Death deceiuing me, my first *Love* fled,
Were I not weary of the Torch and bed:
Perhaps this one sin, might me Captiuate;
For (I confesse) since poore *Sychæus* fate

My

DIDO and ÆNEAS.

My *Lord*, our houſe-gods ſtayn'd by fratricide:
This ſole man forc'd me from my vow to ſlide;
The path of my forgotten flame I ſee;
But firſt I wiſh earths depth may gape for me,
Th'Almighty Thunder ſtrike me to the Sprites,
Pale ſprites of Hell, and to their darkeſt nights,
Ere *ſhame* I violate thee, or thy lawes wrong;
He that firſt won it, tooke my loue along
To his cold Tombe: there let him keep it ſtill.
Teares, flowing whilſt ſhe ſpeaks, her boſome fill,
Anne thus replies, O thou more lov'd then day,
wilt thou a *Widow* weare thy youth away? (ſhare?
Sweet Babes wilt thou not know? *Loves* bounties
Thinkſt thou for that, duſt or pale ſhadowes care?
What though no Suitors warm'd thy *cold deſire*?
Not *Lybians*, not *Hiarbas* ſcorn'd in *Tyre*,

Nor leaders great in *Affricke*, a rich Land
In triumphes, wilt thou yet *pleasd love* withstand?
Mindst thou not where thou art? *Getes* never foild
Here girt thee, there hard *Syrtis*, and the wild
Numidians: a dry Desert here, and farre-
Raging *Barceans*; of *Tyre's* growing warre,
Pigmaleons threats (our brother) what is sayd?
Sure by propitious *gods*, by *Iuno's* ayde,
The *Troian* ships haue steer'd their course to thee;
How great this town, what Kingdoms shalt thou see
Rise by this match! *Troians* accompanying
In Armes, how high will *Punicke* glory spring?
Craue thou the *gods* leave only, sacrifize,
Then intertaine him, cause of stay devise,
Whilst Winter, and *Orion* swells the Seas:
His ships are broke, and Heaven no Law obeyes.

Thus

Thus her fir'd ſoule ſhe did with loue inflame,
Gaue hope t'her doubtfull mind, and baniſht ſhame.
They go to th'*temple* firſt, at th'Altars pray
For peace: of *courſe* they choſen Heifers ſlay
To *Ceres*, *Phœbus*, *Bachus*: *zealouſly*
To *Juno*, Patroneſſe o'the marriage tye.
Faire *Dido's* ſelfe holds th'ewre, & poures between
The white *Cowes* hornes, or by the *gods* is ſeene
Imployd at their fat Altars: crownes the day
With gifts, Beaſts open'd breaſts ſhe doth ſurvey,
Conſults their breathing intrailes. Ah dull mind
Of Prieſts! what helpe can vowes or Temples find
For her that's mad? This while, a ſoft flame eates
Her marrow, in her breaſt a dumbe wound beates.
Vnhappy *Dido* burnes, ſtrayes wild through all
The Towne; like as a *Hinde*, at th'arrowes fall,

Dido and Æneas.

Whom heedles ſome far darting *Shepheard* ſtrooke
Ith' *Creſſian* woods, whilſt his wingd ſteele forſooke
Him *vnawares*: ſhe flies through lawnes & thickes,
But in her ſide the deadly *arrow* ſtickes.
Now with *Æneas* 'bout the wals ſhe goes,
Boaſts her *Sidoniã* wealth, the townsſtrẽgth ſhowes
Attempts to ſpeake, ſtops the word halfe-expreſt.
Now Euening, hopes for ſuch another feaſt:
Againe prayes (mad) to heare *Troyes* fate, and then
Hangs, raviſh'd, at th' *Hiſtorians* lips agen.
They parted: when, by turne, the dull blacke night
Reign'd, and declining Starres did reſt invite,
She mournes to th' empty roome, and ſits where he
Late ſate, doth him though abſent heare and ſee:
Or for the fathers ſake ſhe hugs his child,
And tries if ſo curſt *Loue* could be beguild.

Forts

Forts halfe-built go not on; the youth forſakes
To practize armes, no warlike Bulwarkes makes:
The workes hang wildly broken off, with high
And thretning pinacles, that brave the ſky. (caught
When *Iove's* lov'd *wife*, ſaw what a plague had
Her *Dido*, *fury* ſetting *fame* at naught,
She, meeting *Venus*, to this purpoſe ſayes,
Large ſpoyles *thou* and thy *boy*, ſure mighty prayſe
You win: A memorable name, and great?
One *woman* conquer'd by two *gods* deceite.
Alas I know thou feardſt theſe wals of ours,
And to what hight *Carthage* might raiſe her towers
But to what end? why now this great debate?
Rather perpetuall peace lets celebrate,
And marriages: thou haſt thy hearts deſire:
Fond *Dido* burnes, her marrow's all a fire:

Theſe Nations then, in common, lets preſerue
With equall powers. Let her a *Troian* ſerue,
To thee we *Carthage* for a dowry leaue.
Thus (for 'twas ſpoke in craft ſhe did perceiue,
Romes Empire in the *Lybian* parts to hold;
Venus incounters her; what mad-man would
Refuſe this? or in Warre with thee contend?
If what thou motion'ſt *Fortune* can be friend:
But I doubt *Fate*: if *Iove* thoſe come from *Troy*;
With theſe of *Tyre*, would haue one Towne enioy,
Or likes the men be mixt, or leagues be ioyn'd:
Thou art his wife, haſt power to ſound her mind:
Proceed, Ile ſecond; thus great *Iuno* then
Catcht it, be that my care, now by what meane
This may be done, marke, briefly Ile declare.
Æneas and poore *Dido* t'hunt prepare
Ith' Forreſt,

DIDO and ÆNEAS.

Ith'Forreſt, when to morrow's Sun diſplayes
His firſt riſe, th'orbe vnfolding with his rayes.
I(whilſt the *horſe* toyle in the chaſe)will powre,
Mixt with a ſtorme of haile, a darkning ſhowre
Vpon them : and all Heaven with thunder fright :
The troopes ſhall ſcatter,cover'd in blacke night :
Dido ſhall with *Troyes Generall* find one Cave,
There Ile be, and if thy firme grant I have,
Ile tye them ſure, and giue her for his owne
In *marriage*. No diſlike to *Iuno* knowne ;
Venus aſſents,and ſmiles to find her trayne,
This while, *Aurora* riſing leaves the maine.
Choice youth beare throgh the Ports wide nets(now (day)
Cordes & broad iron toyles;then ruſh away
Maſſylian horſe ; fleſht hounds. At the Court gate,
For the queene lingring in her Chamber, waite

The

DIDO and ÆNEAS.

The *Carthage* Lords, her foaming Courſer (gay
In gold and purple) on the Bit doth play.
At length ſhe with a Princely traine appeares:
A *Tyrian* robe, the borders ſtaind, ſhe weares.
Of gold her quiver, her haire wound in gold:
A golden button doth the purple hold.
Wanton *Iulus*, and the *Trojans* are
Now marching for the chaſe. *Æneas* (faire
Aboue them all) ioynes troopes with hers: even as
When *Phœbus* doth from Winter *Lycia* paſſe,
Or *Zanthus*: and his mothers *Delos* greet,
'Bout th' Altars dancing *Cretans* murmuring meet,
Driopes, painted *Agathyrſians* mixe;
He his haire twin'd in gold with Bayes doth fixe:
On's ſhoulder arrowes claſhing; with ſuch grace
Æneas rides, like Beauty in his face.

VVhen

DIDO and ÆNEAS.

When hils they'd climbd, & dens vnpathd by man,
Here you might see wild Goats, that down-hill ran,
As cast off from the rocks: in wide plaines there
From mountaines frighted heards of flying Deere,
Lost in their dust. In his swift horse the boy
Ascanius doth amidst the vallies ioy,
Now these, now those out gallop,: tis his wish
Mongst the dul heards, a foaming Boare would rush
Or yellow Lyon from the hill descend:
Meane while with horrid noise the heavens contend:
Rain mixt with haile, straight follows. *Tyrians* fly,
Ascanius and the youthfull *Troians* hye,
Frighted away: to severall shelters all
Now straggling. Rivers from the mountains fall.
Troyes Generall and *Dido* tooke one Cave.
First earth and *marrying Juno* th' *Omen* gave:

Fire

Fire flaſht, th'ayre's privy to the match: on hills
Nymphs howl'd: that day of death firſt, firſt of ills
Was cauſe; for neither forme doth *Dido* moue,
Nor fame, nor now ſhe meditates ſtolne loue,
Wedlooke ſhe cals t', pretexting with that name
Her fault; ſtraight through great *Lybian* towns goes fame
Fame, thats an evil ſwifteſt in her courſe,
That liues by change; by going gathers force.
By feare firſt little, then through th'aire is ſpread:
Her feet the Earth, and Clouds involue her head:
Vext by the *gods*, tis ſayd the mother *earth*
Addes *fame* t' *Enceladus* and *Ceus* birth,
Their yongeſt *ſiſter*: ſwift-heeld, wing'd, a loathd,
Huge monſter, as with plumes her body's cloath'd,
So many ſharpe Eyes lurke (ſtrange to relate)
So many Eares to liſten, tongues to prate.

By

DIDO and ÆNEAS.

By night ſhe, ſcritching, through mid-heaven flyes,
And through th'earths ſhade: no ſleep doth cloſe her eies,
By day ſits watching, & frõ towers doth pry,
Or houſes tops, and great Townes terrifie.
Speaker of truths, in falſe reports as bold.
She then with ioy things done and vndone told.
And fild the people with ſtrange rumours, how
Æneas came, and *Didos* loue did bow,
That flying *Trojan* to her bed to take:
Now long, as Winter, their delights they make.
Careleſſe of Empire, in foule luſt abus'd;
This the vile *goddeſſe* t'all mens mouthes diſ-fus'd.
And ſtraight her courſe to King *Hiarbas* turnes,
Her words increaſe his wrath, his ſoule ſhe burnes.
Iones ſonne, of raviſh'd *Garamante* borne.
This Prince a hundred Temples did adorne

In

DIDO and ÆNEAS.

In his large Kingdome to his *Father Iove*:
Hallow'd the watchfull fires, to pow'rs above
Eternall guards: and fatned with beast gores
His soile, with flowry garlands wreath'd his doore
Madwith this bitter bruite inflamd, he's sayd,
Fore th'altars, midst the powers of *gods*, t'haue pray
Complaining much, with hands to heavenward cas
All powerful *Ioue*, to whom the *Moores* now ta
Grape-honors, on beds painted banquetting,
Seest thou this? Do we feare thee thundring
In vaine O father? are those lightnings blind,
And murmurs idle, that affright our mind?
The woman that (straid hither) built a poore
Town, and bought leaue, compeld to plow the shore
To which place we gaue Lawes (our match abhord)
Æneas ore her Land receives as Lord:

And

DIDO and ÆNEAS.

And now that *Paris*, with's halfe-men, bold in
His *Phrygian* Miter, his oyld haire and chin,
Wins her by rape: while tis our part to bring
Gifts to thy Temple, vaine fame cheriſhing.
Holding the Altar, praying in this ſort,
Th'Almighty heard him, caſt his eyes to th'Court
And lovers, of faire fame oblivious:
Then ſpeaks to *Hermes*, and commaunds him thus.
Son, call the Weſt-wind, wing thy ſelfe, away,
Speake to the *Troian* chiefe, that now doth ſtay
In *Tyrian Carthage*, mindles to prepare, (th'aire.
For towns fate gaue him, beare theſe words through
Not ſuch his faireſt mother t'vs aſſur'd him,
Nor therfore twice from *Grecian* armes ſecurd him,
But to rule *Italy*, with *Empire* great,
And lowd in War, *Troy's* blood to propagate,

And

And to one Law the Conquer'd VVorld to frame.
If not theſe glories, nor his care of Fame
Raiſe his indeavours: ſure he envies not
Rome to his ſon? vpon what hope or plot,
Stayes he on hoſtile ground? doth he diſpiſe
Th' *Auſonian* blood: *Lavinian* Seigniories?
Let him ſaile, this our charge, thou Herauld be.
Jove ſayd; t'obey 's great fathers *Mãdates* he
Prepares, firſt golden winged ſhooes he ties
To's feet, with which ore land and Sea he flyes,
By a full blaſt ſupported; he takes then
His wand, wherewith he cals pale ſoules agen
From Hell, and others ſends to woes beneath:
Giues and breakes ſleep, and ſeales vp eyes in death.
Thus arm'd, he ſwims through clouds, the wind h
And flying, viewes thè crown, & craggy ſides (ride

Of *Atlas* : whoſe hard Summit Heaven vpholds :
Atlas, that ſtill his Piny head infolds
In ſullyd clouds ; beat with the wind and ſhowre.
Falne ſnow his ſhoulders covers ; Rivers powre
Frō th' old mans chin, his yce-ſtartch'd beard afrights
Here *Hermes* ſailing with even wings firſt lights:
Hence to Seas head-long doth his body throw,
Like to a *Bird* that nere the Sea flyes low,
'Bout fiſhy Rockes and ports : ſo he wings ore
(Hov'ring twixt Heaven and Earth) the ſandy ſhore
Of *Lybia*, cuts the winds, deſcending downe
From's mothers father. The yet-low built towne
When firſt his feather'd feet touch'd, he did view
Æneas forming Towers : contriving new
The roofes; his ſword bright *Iaſpar* ſtarr'd; he glowd
In *Tyrian* dyes : a Robe from's ſhoulder flow'd,

DIDO and ÆNEAS.

A gift rich *Dido* wrought, and did implaite
The woofe with thin gold: he invades him straight.
Thy mind foundations of high *Carthage* layes,
And thou *uxorious* a great Towne doſt raiſe:
Ah mindleſſe of thy Empire and thy ends!
The King of gods from his high Palace ſends
Me to thee; he whoſe power the heavens doth ſway
And th'earth: chargd me throgh th'aire theſe words convey.
What hope in *Lybia* idles thee? what plot?
If glory of ſo great things moves thee not,
Nor love of thy owne praiſe inflames thy care:
Reſpect *Iülus* riſe, and hopes, thy heire,
Whoſe birth-right the *Italian* Kingdome is:
And *Roman* ſoile. *Cyllenius*, ſpeaking this,
Ere he reply'd, left mortall forme's diſguiſe,
And in the thin ayre vaniſht from his Eyes.

This

This ſight aſtoniſhes *Æneas* mind,
His haire ſtarts vp: his words no paſſage find.
He longs to fly, and leave that ſweeteſt land:
Maz'd at ſuch warning, and the gods command.
What ſhould he do alas? how can he break
With th'angry Queen? or with what preface ſpeak?
His quicke ſoule he divides, now here, now there:
Diſtracted turnes his ſpirits every where.
Then calls (this ſeemes of all the eaſieſt way)
Mneſthes, *Sergeſtus*, ſtrong *Cloanthus*, they
Muſt cloſly rig the Fleet: their fellowes traine
To th'ſhore, arme, cauſe for preparation faine.
Whilſt he (ſince nobleſt *Dido* did not reach (breach)
His aime: but hop'd ſuch loue would know no
Would try to gaine acceſſe, and times to move
Moſt ſoft, and meanes moſt fit. They nimble prove

T'obey him, his commaunds diſpatch: the while
The queene found (who a lover can beguile)
The plot: and firſt of future motions thought,
Fearing all was not ſafe: vile *Fame* then brought
Her newes the Fleet was arm'd, & courſe ſet down:
Raging ſhe flyes like *Thyas* through the Towne,
When ſacrifices wildly now begunne,
And having heard her *Bacchus*, ſhe doth runne
At th'*Origes* ſounds: and darke *Cytharon's* calls.
At length her fury on *Æneas* falls.
And didſt thou hope, perfidious, to conceale
Such falſe-hood? Silent from my land to ſteale?
Cannot our hand, once thine, our loue, once deare,
Nor *Dido's* pitti'd funerals ſtay thee here?
Wilt thou by Winter Stars thy Fleet ſet forth,
And venture through the deepe the Wind at North?
Cruell,

DIDO and ÆNEAS.

Cruell, what if not bound for a ſtrange Land,
And vnknowne houſes? did old *Troy* yet ſtand?
Wouldſt thou ſeeke *Troy* through the inraged Sea?
Me fly'ſt thou? by theſe teares, this hand I pray,
Since to my ſelfe fond I haue elſe left nought:
By our new ioyes of marriage, if I ought
Deſerue of thee: or ought was ſweet that's mine,
Pitty a falling houſe: that mind of thine
I pray (if prayers haue place) put off. For thee
Numidian Tyrants, *Lybians* malice me.
The *Tyrians* murmur: for thee dead is ſhame,
And (which I climb'd the Stars by) my firſt fame.
To whom wilt thou leave dying me? O *gueſt!*
For of all titles only that doth reſt.
What ſtay I for? till downe *Pigmaleon* ſhakes
My wals? or me *Hiarbas* captiue takes?

Yet had I bin a mother ere thy flight,
If I had playing in my Court, or ſight,
A young *Æneas* having but thy looke:
Not captive I ſhould ſeeme, nor quite forſooke.
She ſaid, he warn'd by *Iove*, nere moves his Eyes;
Checks ſtrugling griefe, and thus, in ſhort, replies.
VVhat favours you ſo e're can boaſt of, I
Great Queene acknowledge: nor while memory
I of my ſelfe conſerve, or life this frame
Shall move, will I forget *Eliſas* name.
Briefe for my cauſe Ile ſpeak; by flight to get
Hence (feigne it not) I nere hop'd, never yet
Pretended marriage: nor had ſuch intent.
If Fate had left it at my choice t'haue ſpent
My life, and might I order my owne care:
The ruin'd *Ilium* firſt I would repaire,

And our own Reliques, *Priams* towers ſhould ſtand,
Troy rendred to the *vanquiſh'd* by this hand.
Phœbus and *Lycian* lots, great *Italy*
Aſſigne; that muſt our love, our Country be.
If, being a *Phœnician* borne, thy ſight
Theſe *Carthage* towers, and *Lybian* towns delight.
VVhy then are *Troians* envi'd, if we do
Plant *Latium?* we may ſeek ſtrange Kingdoms too.
Anchyſes, my dead father, oft as night
Riſes in ſhades, and ſtars ſhow fiery light, (dread.
Warnes me in dreames: his troubled ghoſt breeds
My boy *Aſcanius* moves me, that deare head,
Which I defraud of the *Heſperian* Crowne,
And deſtin'd Earth; from *Iove* himſelf ſent downe
Now, even the gods *Embaſs'dor* (I atteſt
Both their bright heads) through the quick aire adreſt

Theſe Mandates; in cleare light the god I ſaw,
Entring theſe walls: his voyce theſe eares did draw:
To vexe vs both with thy complaints forbeare,
I ſeeke not *Italy* a *Volunteire*.
This ſaid, her eyes (obliquely fixt before)
She roles about, and wanders him all ore:
And then a-fire thus ſpeakes. Thy mother nor
Goddeſſe, nor *Dardanus* thy Anceſtor,
Falſe man; thee *Caucaſus* got on a Rocke,
And ſome *Hircanian* Tygreſſe gaue thee ſucke.
Why ſhould I feigne? for what worſe vſage ſtay?
Sigh'd he with vs? caſt he his eies this way?
Wept he at all? or pittied he our loue?
What ſhall I ſay? great *Iuno* now, nor *Iove*,
Do in my cauſe indifferent appeare.
Faith has no ſafety! poorely ſhipwrackt here:

I tooke him vp, did with him ſhare eſtates;
From wracke his fleet I ſav'd, from deaths his mates
Furies, alas, tranſport me; *Phœbus* now,
Now *Lycian* lots, *Jove* bids his Herauld bow
With his ſo horrid mandates through the Ayre.
And take the gods ſuch paines? diſturbes that care
Their q iet? I nor hold thee, nor refute.
Goe with the winde, ſeeke *Latium*; make purſute
Through waves for Crownes, I hope (if power there
In the good Powers) ſome rock wil puniſh thee, (be
Oft calling *Dido*. In blacke fires I'le poaſt,
And dead thou ſhalt be follow'd with my Ghoſt.
Tortur'd bad man thou'lt be, I it ſhall heare:
Downe to my ſhaddow Fame this newes wil beare.
At theſe words breaking off, heart-ſicke ſhe flies
Out of the open ayre: and from his eyes.

Leaues

Leaves him much doubting, much prepar'd to ſay.
Her in a ſwound her maids take vp, convey
T'her marble chamber: on her bed repoſe.
Pious *Æneas*, though he wiſh'd her woes
And cares with ſweeter language to remove.
Deep-ſighing, his ſoule fainting in great love,
Yet heavens command fulfill'd: ſurvey'd once more
His fleet. The *Trojans* ply'd it then, from ſhore
Halling tall ſhips, pitcht bottomes floating brought
Green oares: and *Okes* out of the woods vnwrought
For haſte. You may behold them trooping downe,
And ruſhing from all corners of the Towne.
Like Ants, when they, huge corne-heaps pillaging,
Proviſion home mindfull of Winter bring.
The black troop takes the field, through graſſe amain
Beares prey by narrow wayes: the greater graine

Some

Some tug along: some, Marshalling the swarme,
Chastice delay; the work each path doth warme.
What horror *Dido*, viewing this, seiz'd thee?
How sigh'dst thou, frō thy tow'r when thou didst see
The shore all flaming? and with various sound
Didst heare the Mariners the Sea confound?
O love to what canst thou not force our breasts!
Againe to melt in teares, to try requests
Againe she's forc'd, and yeilds to love againe:
Least, something left untryd, she dies in vaine.
Anne to the shore thou seest their swift resorts
From all parts: now the wind their canvasse courts,
And on their poupes crownes the glad Sailers set.
Had I thought *sorrow* could have bin thus great,
I'd brook'd it sister. Yet this one thing, *Anne*,
Do for poore me: thee only that false man

Respects

Reſpects, his ſecret ſenſe he doth expreſſe
To thee, thou know'ſt his times, and beſt acceſſe.
Go ſiſter, *ſuppliant* ſpeake to my *proud* Foe.
I ſware not to the *Troian* overthrow,
In *Aulis* with the *Greckes*: nor with them ſent
My Fleet; nor tore his Fathers monument.
Why are his Eares ſo hard my words can force
No entrance? whether will he bend his courſe?
This laſt *grant* let him make his wofull loue,
T'expect ſafe flight, winds that may friendly prou
Not now the wedlocke he betray'd I craue,
Nor that he'd looſe faire *Latium:* Kingdoms wau
I aske but vacant time rage to releive:
Vntill my ruine teach me how to grieve.
I begge (pitty thy ſiſter) this laſt ſuite,
And this obtain'd, Death ſhall make abſolute.

Thi

DIDO and ÆNEAS.

Thus her ſad ſiſter doth with teares aſſaile
His pitty often, but no teares prevaile:
Nor eaſily he any motion heares:
Fate barres, a god hath ſtopt the man's ſoft eares.
And as an old ſtrong timber'd *Oke*, to rend
Which bluſtring Northwinds of the *Alpes* contend,
Toſſing its *trunke*, breathes forth a mournful ſound,
And leafes frō th'higheſt branches ſtrew the ground,
Faſt in the Rock it ſticks, as much doth ſpread
It's root tow'rds Hell, as reares to Heav'n its head.
So is *Æneas* wreſted, on this part,
And that, with pray'rs: care *ſhaking* his great *heart*,
His *ſoule* remaines *vnmou'd*, teares vainly ſlide.
But wretched *Dido*, by fate terrifi'd,
Viſhes for death; euen Heaven offends her eye.
To put her on to end her worke, and dye:

Horrid

Dido and Æneas.

Horrid to ſpeake, while the Altars incenſe burne,
She, offring, ſees the hallow'd water turne
Black: and the wine chang'd to foule gore. To none
Not to her ſiſter ſpeaks this viſion.
There was ith houſe too (which ſhe much ador'd)
A marble Temple to her former *Lord*;
With ſnowy fleeces, and leaves feſtivall
Hang'd round: hence voices, and her husbands call
She ſeem'd at dead of night to heare. Alone
The Owle oth houſe top gave a funerall groane,
And drew forth her ſlow voice to ſhriks. Her frigh
Many an old Prophet alſo did excite,
With horrid preſage. In her *dreames* ſhe feares
Cruell *Æneas*. Left alone ſh'appeares,
Still vnattended in long wayes to toyle:
To ſeek her *Tyrians* in a Deſert ſoyle.

S

So in his madneſse, *Pentheus* deſcries
Sixe Furies: two Sunnes, double *Thebes* eſpies.
Oreſtes ſo from's mother in the play
Arm'd with her *Torch*, and Snakes, doth run away:
Whilſt at the doore the Furies hold their ſeat.
Thus ſpent with miſeries, with fury great,
To dye, the time, and manner ſhe provides.
And ſpeaking to her ſiſter, her looke hides
Her thoughts: hope ſhining in her face: I'ue now
Siſter a way, (thy ſiſter gratulate, thou)
Shall giue me him, or from him take fond me.
By th' *Oceans* bounds the fartheſt *Æthiops* be,
Nere *Sun-ſet*. where huge *Atlas* ſhoulders turne
Heavens Axle-tree, that ſeemes with ſtars to burne.
I know a *Prieſteſſe* in thoſe Countries bred,
Th' *Heſperian* Temple-keeper, that hath fed

The *Dragon*: and the ſacred *Tree* did keep,
Sprinkling moiſt honny, poppy cauſing ſleep.
She promiſes to free the minds ſhe'l pleaſe,
By charmes: but others with ſad care to ſeaze.
To ſtop ſtreams, chaſe back ſtars, make ghoſts appear
At midnight: you'l think, you th'earth groning hear
And from the mountaines tree deſcending ſee.
You gods, and thou deare ſiſter witneſſe be,
That Magick I vnwillingly prepare.
Erect thou ſecretly a *pile* ith'ayre.
Lay on the armes, he wicked (when he fled)
In's Chamber lett: his robes, the nuptiall bed
I periſh'd in; all that was his tis fit
The fire conſumes, the *Prieſteſſe* told me it.
This ſaid, ſhe ſtops: paleneſſe invades her face.
But *Anne* beleives not ſuch wild-furies chaſe

Her

Her ſiſter, or theſe rites her Fun'rals hide;
Nor farther feares then when *Sychæus* dy'd:
Therefore prepares her charge. Now pyl'd vp high
Pines, cloven Okes inth' inner Court do lye.
The queen with garlands thē the place hang'd round
And her owne funerals with Cypreſſe crown'd,
Plac'd his Robes, Picture, and ſword left behind,
On the bed: mindfull what ſhe had deſign'd.
They circle round the Altar. *Chaos*, *Hell*,
Three hundred gods the Prieſteſſe to her ſpell
Her haire looſe call'd. Of three-form'd *Hecat* ſpake:
And ſprinkled waters fain'd oth' Itigian Lake.
By Moone-light, with braſſe-ſickles cut, were ſought
Yong herbs, black venome in a ſoame: they brought

DIDO and ÆNEAS.

Th' *Hyppomanes*, from a Colt's forhead ſnatch'd
In foaling: and the Love oth' Mother catch'd.
With leaven, and pure hands neere th' Altar ſhee,
Her robe ungirted, one foote ty'd, one free,
Dying accus'd Fate-knowing Gods, and ſtarres:
But if there be a juſt Power, which the jarres
Of Lovers pitties, prayes to that. 'Twas night,
And weary'd bodies ſuck't-in ſleepes delight;
To their mid-revolution ſtarres were come: (dumb,
Woods, fields, the beaſts, and gawdy birds were
Both thoſe about the fennes, and thoſe that keepe
The buſhes, neaſted in ſtill Night, with ſleepe
Allay'd their cares, and hearts from labour free:
But not the afflicted *Dido*; never ſhee

Takes

Dido and Æneas.

Takes reſt: her eyes, her breaſt, doe entertaine
No night; cares double, mutinous, Love againe
Rebells; In a rough Sea toſs'd by the winde
Of rage, ſhee floates, and thus revolves her minde.
What ſhall I doe? deluded, try once more
My Suitors? the *Numidians* now implore,
Whom I ſo oft have ſcorn'd? *Trojans* by Sea
Shall I attend? and their commands obey?
To have releev'd them helpes me much, and much
Their gratefull hearts my former favours touch?
But (ſay I would) who'd let me? or admit
Scorn'd me to their proud ſhips? Undone not yet
Feelſt thou; nor knowſt thou perjur'd *Troy*? ſhall I
Alone then, with the Saylers triumph fly?

DIDO and ÆNEAS.

Or back'd with *Tyre*, and all my men of War
Follow? and poaſt thoſe (I ſcarſe drew thus far)
So Sea againe: and force them ſaile? Oh no,
Dye thou deſeru'ſt it, cure with wounds thy woe.
Won with my teares, thou ſiſter downe didſt weigh
Me firſt with griefe, and to my Foe betray.
Might I not, matcht but once, haue ſpent my time
Like the poore *beaſt*: freed from ſuch care, or crime?
And to *Sychæus* duſt my vow haue payd?
Such ſad complaints her breaking heart invade.
Æneas, in's tall ſhip, to ſaile now ſure,
All things firſt rightly ordred, ſleepe ſecures.
The god againe returning in his ſleep,
Gives him new warning, and's old forme doth keep:

Re-

Reſembling *Hermes* all, voice, yellow haire,
And colour, and a body yong and faire.
Canſt thou ſleep (borne of *Venus*) in this fate?
Fond man, doſt thou not ſee what dangers waite
About thee? heareſt thou not th'inviting wind?
Plots and foule crimes ſhe quickens in her mind:
Certaine of death. Her fury now flowes high.
Fly'ſt thou not hence, whilſt thou haſt power to fly?
The Sea with Engines vext, and torches, bright
But burning with an inauſpitious light:
And the whole harbour ſhall in flames appeare,
If the next morning ſee thee dallying here,
Go, go, delay not, women are unfix'd.
This ſayd, himſelfe with the darke night he mix'd.

DIDO and ÆNEAS.

Æneas frighted by the ſhade, doth riſe,
Shakes off dull ſleepe, and to his Mates he cries,
Awake, ſit to your bankes, let your ſayles flie
Nimbly to Sea; A God ſent from the skie
That we ſhould haſte, and cut our Cables he
Urges once more; Bleſt God we follow thee
What Pow'r ſoe're: againe thy will w'intend;
Be preſent, pleas'd, ayde, and ſtars proſp'rous ſend.
He ſaid. Like lightning forth his ſword doth flye,
And cuts the cables which the veſſell tye.
All burne with equall heate, catch, ruſh away,
They've left the ſhore, the Navy hides the ſea;
They rowing wreath the foame, bruſh th'azure wave,
To earth new light now yong *Aurora* gave, (wave,
Whil'ſt

DIDO and ÆNEAS.

Whil'ſt aged *Tython's* ſafrō bed ſhe leaves. (ceives
When from her Watch-tow'r firſt the queene per-
Day dawne, and with eav'n ſayles the Fleet proceed,
The naked Ports, and ſhoare of ſea-men freed.
Shee often beates her faire breaſt with her hand,
Teares her bright haire. *Iove* ſhal he paſse our land?
She ſaid: and ſhall a ſtranger mocke our Crowne?
Is not warre juſt? ſhall we, and all the Towne
Purſue? Out of the Road lanch Veſſels, goe,
Be nimble, carry flames, hoiſt ſaile, and row.
What's this? where am I? ah what change diſtracts
Poore *Dido?* now th'haſt ſenſe of thy ill acts,
Thou hadſt not, when twas time. Where's faith? oh
Is this the mā his coūtry's gods did beare? (where?

And his old father on his ſhoulders ſaue?
VVhy tore I not his limbs? and to ſome waue
Caſt them? or ſunke his Mates? or kild and dreſt
The Boy *Aſcanius* for his fathers feaſt.
But fate in war is doubtfull, would t'had paſt!
Whom fear'd I dying? had I wild-fire caſt
And burn'd his Fleet; I had the Father, Son,
Their line extinguiſh'd, and my ſelfe in one.
O *Sun* who all the buſie World doſt light!
Thou *Juno* conſcious of theſe cares! by night
O *Hecate* howl'd-for in croſſe wayes! and all
Furies and *gods* conſpiring *Dido's* fall,
Heare this: your juſtly anger'd powers now ſhow,
If impious he muſt reach the Land, if ſo

Iove

DIDO and ÆNEAS.

Iove haue decreed it, and no wiſh can bar
That end ; yet vext with a bold people's war,
From his owne Kingdome he an exile made
Divorc'd from his *Aſcanius*, may he ayde
Implore abroad, ſee the diſhonor'd ends
Of his aſsociates : and when, forc'd, he bends
To cruell tearmes of peace, nor glorious reigne
Let him injoy, nor wiſht for life retayne :
But dye vntimely, ith' ſands uninterr'd :
This prayer, pour'd out with my laſt blood, be heard.
Then you of *Tyre* his Progeny to th' end
Hate, and afflict : theſe gifts t' our aſhes ſend.
Be loue, nor league betwixt your Soveraignties :
But from our bones may ſome *revenger* riſe,

VVho

DIDO and ÆNEAS.

Who *Trojans* may with fire and ſword purſue,
Now, long hence: ſtill as time ſhall ſtrength renew.
Bee ſhore to ſhore, to waves waves adverſe be:
Fight they and theirs for ever, curſt by me.
This ſayes; & turnes her thoughts, all waies, to break
The thread of life: then briefly ſhe doth ſpeake
To *Barce*, her *Sychæus* nurſe, (her owne
In her old Countrey now black duſt was growne)
Nurſe, call my Siſter, waters from the ſpring
I long ſhould ſprinkle me: wiſh her to bring
The Beaſts; and purifying things ſet downe:
So let her come. Thy temples ſee thou crowne
With holy veile, I *Plutoes* rites prepare:
And thoſe Ile finiſh, and ſo end my care.

The

Dido and Æneas.

The Trojans *Pile* a funerall ſame ſhall waſte,
Old *Barce* mends her pace with limping haſte,
But *Dido*, wild, rowling her bloudy Eyes,
Her trembling cheekes all ſpotts, pale ere ſhee dyes
With thoughts of death deſign'd, breakes ope the doore
Oth Inner court: & furiouſly mounts ore
The mighty *Pile*, then drawes the *Troian* ſword
Not given for a purpoſe ſo abhord.
Here when his robes, and knowne bed ſhe beheld,
Here teares and memory awhile compel'd
Her ſtay, ſhe layd her downe: her laſt words ſpake,
Sweete ſpoyles (while Fates and Gods permitted)
This ſpirit, free me in theſe cares made faſt. (take
I liv'd, and what courſe fortune gave I paſt.

Now

DIDO and ÆNEAS.

Now my great ſoule muſt to the Graue go downe,
I a fam'd *Citty* built, did *wall* my Towne,
Revenge my *Lord*, my *Brothers* hopes deſtroy.
Happy, alas too happy, if from *Troy*
No ſhip had euer touch'd our ſhore. Thus ſhe,
Kiſſing the bed, dye unreveng'd ſhall we?
But let vs dye, ſhe ſayd, thus, thus tis due.
This *fire* from Sea may the fell *Trojan* view,
And our Deaths *Omens* take with him. She ſayd.
Thus her attendants find her falne, the blade
Weeping her blood, her hands all ſtain'd. Then goes
The noiſe through Courts, & through the City flows
(All trembling) this ſad newes. The buildings ſound
with groans, & female howlings, th' heavns rebound

The

The wofull cries. No leſse then were old *Tyre*,
Or *Carthage* ſeiz'd by th'foe: the raging fire
Roling ore Temples and ore mens abodes,
Neither poore mortals ſparing, nor their gods.
Her frighted ſiſter heard, with trembling ſpeed,
Beating her breſt, forcing her face to bleed,
Breakes through them: cals her dying by her name,
Was this it ſiſter? was this *ſlight* your ayme.
Haue all theſe ſacred rites fram'd this for me?
Forſooke, what ſhall I ſay? my company
Did thy death ſcorne? if not, one fatall pow'r,
One griefe had kild vs both, one ſword, one how'r.
This with theſe hands pil'd I? invoke did I
Our Country-gods? yet abſent thou didſt dye.

DIDO and ÆNEAS.

The *Tyrian* Lords and Commons and I found
Death in thy death: water, I'le bath her wound:
And with theſe lips, if her laſt breath yet ſpends,
I'le gather it. This ſayd, the ſteps ſh'aſcends.
Her halfe-dead ſiſter in her boſome cheeres:
And ſighing with her robe the blacke gore cleares,
Straite *Dido* opes her eyes, with Death oppreſt,
And cloſes them. The deepe wound grates her breſt.
Thrice on her elbow leaning, ſhe would riſe,
Thrice, turning on her bed, with wandring eyes
Sought high heav'ns light, & having found it, gron'd,
Great *Juno* then her tedious paines bemon'd:
And lingring Death, from heav'n her *Iris* ſent
T'vnknit her joynts, her ſtrugling ſoule to vent.

For

DIDO and ÆNEAS.

For (ſince by fate, nor Death deſerv'd ſh'expir'd
But wretched ere her time, with fury fir'd)
Yet *Proſerpine* had not ta'en from her crowne
Her yellow haire: nor doom'd her head yet downe.
So deawy roſe-wing'd *Iris*, having won
Thouſand ſtrange colours from the adverſe Sun
Slides down: ſtands on her head, I beare *this*, charg'd,
Sacred to *Dis*: be from this fleſh inlarg'd:
Thus ſayes, and cuts her haire; together ſlides
All heat, and into wind her ſpirit glides.

FINIS.

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